

## **Sometimes I Wish** by frnkxo

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**Summary:**

Billy seeks comfort at Steve's house after getting hit by his dad.

## Sometimes I Wish

### Author's Note:

- For [noxfun](#).

His cheek fucking hurt. It stung and he knew it would leave a big, purple bruise on the side of his face for at least a week. Really, the cold wind against his burning flesh felt like pinpricks and couldn't possibly be helping, but his asshole father threw his keys out the door, into the snow, and fuck if he was going to spend his time digging around looking for them.

Billy knew he was making things harder on himself by walking to Steve's, but he didn't want to spend another second in that damn house. He could've called and asked his boyfriend to pick him up, but he figured his father would catch on and he wasn't taking that chance.

So by the time Billy arrived at Steve's doorstep, he felt like his blood turned to ice and his fingers were about to fall off. Why couldn't his father have had an outburst in summer instead of the dead of winter? Probably just to make things harder on his faggot son.

Billy raised his fist—that felt like a damn stone from being clenched up for so long—and knocked on the door. Though he wasn't religious, he prayed Steve would be the one to answer it. And maybe God is real, because when the door finally opened, he was greeted by his boyfriend's seemingly angelic face.

"Billy?" his voice was confused, like he had no idea why Billy would be at his house. Not like they were dating or anything.

"Surprise, fucker." Billy tried to joke, but his teeth were gritted from the cold so he ended up just sounding mad.

"It's late, what are you doing here?" Steve asked, still confused. Billy was silently grateful that Steve knew him well enough to not get mad at his shitty jokes. At least not anymore.

"Fuckin' freezing my balls off. Will you let me in, or do I need to jerk you off first?"

Steve smirked and Billy wished his heart wouldn't skip so quickly at the sight of it. "Is that an offer?"

Not willing to stand out in the sub zero wasteland that was Hawkins in the middle of January, Billy rolled his eyes and huffed, pushing past Steve and entering the house. He sighed at the warmth that immediately started sinking into his flesh, thawing his muscles from the frost and cold. He didn't have much time to think since the next second, Steve was already crowding his space.

"Jesus, Billy, your face his redder than a lobster." Steve brought a hand up to touch Billy's cheek, only for him to smack it away and glare at the other boy. He was still feeling irritable and touchy from the experience at his house. As much as he knew he shouldn't take it out on Steve, he really couldn't help it. No one had taught him how to manage his emotions.

"Lobsters aren't red." he mumbled angrily, crossing his arms as best he could in his winter coat. Steve paused, like he didn't really know how to respond to that.

"They are after you boil them..." Steve stated quietly, yet matter-of-factly in a way that made Billy really want to punch him. But of course, he didn't, because Steve was too important to just shove around like that. Steve was too sweet and soft and he didn't deserve to be treated like that. "That's... not from the cold, is it?" he asked, his voice soft and careful, the way it always was when he got worried.

Billy knew, he fucking knew, that if he started talking, his voice would break and he'd start crying. So instead, he just blinked and looked at the ground, biting down on his lower lip to keep it from trembling. He still didn't look up when Steve wrapped his delicate fingers around his arm and pulled him to his bedroom.

Once the door was shut and Steve had managed to get Billy's coat off, he ushered him to the bed and made him sit. Steve remained standing, arms crossed, hip jutted out like he was pissed about something. What did he have to be mad about? What had Billy done

to upset him, too?

"What happened?" his voice was stronger than it had been before, and it made Billy raise his eyes to meet Steve's.

"What?" he sounded stupid to his own ears, but he couldn't stop the word from leaving his lips.

"Billy," Steve deflated and sighed, moving to sit next to him on the bed. "You're clearly upset. What happened? Was it your dad?"

They'd been together for a decent amount of time, yet Billy still found it incredibly hard to open up to Steve. It made his chest ache with a dull pain, like all the emotion was just trapped and building up in there with no escape.

"Y-Yeah," Billy stuttered out, his breathing deepening as he tried to let his guard down. Steve was his *boyfriend*, he could trust him. "Yeah, he hit me. Hurts like a bitch."

"Why?"

Through the thick of emotions and thoughts and pain, Billy still couldn't help but admire the way Steve looked when he was concerned. His dark eyebrows pulled together and his eyes shone with an intensity that Billy could never fathom possible.

Still, he laughed humorlessly in his boyfriend's face.

"*Why? Because I'm a fuckin' faggot, that's why.*" Billy could hear his voice breaking and he fucking hated the way it sounded in his ears. "*I'm a goddamned faggot. And what do I do after my dad beats me for it? I run to my boyfriend's house with my tail between my legs.*"

"Hey, look at me." Steve ordered and Billy obeyed, though he could barely see him through the tears building up in his eyes. "Don't you dare do that." he stated, determinedly.

"Do what?"

"Do what he does. You're talking down on yourself because you came to me when you were upset. Billy, that's what you're supposed to do.

That's what I'm here for. It's not a bad thing to come here if you need me, don't you dare think that it is. He has you conditioned to think that being emotionally vulnerable is a bad thing, but it's not. You're being a human being, Billy. That's nothing to be ashamed about." Steve's voice was comforting and gentle, and it only made Billy's tears fall more heavily.

No matter how hard Billy thought, he couldn't think of a single reason why he deserved Steve. That was definitely because he didn't deserve Steve, not in the slightest, yet here he was, on his bed. On his bed, in his room, and now in his arms as he clung to him and cried into his stupid t-shirt.

"It's not fair," Billy sobbed, feeling the dam in his heart break down. Steve's arms were warm and strong around him, and for the first time in a long time, he felt safe. "I don't like the way that I am. I- I don't *want* to be an asshole, Steve. I don't. I don't want to treat people the way my dad treats people and I wish I could talk about how I feel. It's just- It's just that no one ever taught me how. I wanna know how to do that, I don't wanna be like this forever."

"You don't have to be." Steve's hand was in his hair, carding his fingers through it soothingly, and it felt so nice.

"You're the only person who shows me how, Steve." Billy whispered, his crying finally easing.

"I'll always be here to help you with it. You know that, right?"

Billy nodded as best he could with his face pressed into Steve's side. Wordlessly, Steve leaned back into the bedsheets and pulled Billy closer to his side, arms wrapped tight around his body. They laid there like that for a few minutes, silent aside from Billy's sniffles. It took awhile to process the situation and even longer for Billy to build up the courage to say something.

"Steve?" he mumbled, worried that his boyfriend had fallen asleep under him.

"Hm?"

"Can I tell you something?" Billy could hear his own voice trembling and tried to ignore it.

"Of course, B."

"Sometimes... Sometimes when my dad hits me, I wish that he really could beat the gay out of me." Hearing his own confession out loud was shocking, but it only hurt more as he realized how true it was.

It was silent for awhile and Billy thought once again that Steve had fallen asleep.

"Do you care about me?" he asked, finally, though it wasn't exactly what Billy had been expecting.

"Yes, of course. You're my boy, Steve, I care about you loads."

"Then you don't wish that." Steve said, like it was the most obvious fact in the world.

"Yes, I do."

"Billy, if you were straight, we couldn't be together."

"Well, yeah."

"And if you care about me the way you say you do, then you wouldn't want to be straight, right?"

"I guess."

"You guess?" Steve sounded amused and it eased the tension in the air. Billy's heart skipped a few more beats, because damn his boyfriend was amazing. He could lift tension in the room so effortlessly, could control the very environment.

"Yeah. I guess that... Being gay isn't that bad if it means I can be with you. Is that stupid?" Billy propped himself up and looked down at Steve, his eyes glimmering in the light from his bedside table.

"No, not at all."